Journal.

W. R. HEARST.

NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1896.

...d in the Post Office in New York as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

...Y AND SUNDAY, Per Month.....40
...LY AND SUNDAY, Per Year.....$4.50
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Month.....30
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Year.....$3.00
SUNDAY, Alone, Per Year.....$1.50

Three times the above rates in all foreign countries, except Mexico and Canada.

In order to secure attention, subscribers wishing their addresses changed must give their old as well as new address.

THE WEATHER.

Fair and slightly warmer.

...t noon on the 4th of next March ...over Cleveland will have occu...ed over twelve years of the time ... the national Democracy, and ...g that time will have enjoyed ...ears' occupancy of the White ... at the hands of that party. ...et we are informed that he express his gratitude in the ... of a bolt.

...re are no indications of David ...ett Hill becoming an ex-Democrat.

... Canton date line will now step ...side and give its esteemed con...ary, the Lincoln date line, the ...f the stage.

...y Herbert has bolted with ...ir views, but there is noth...nt his silver speeches being ...campaign.

...ons who hope to sneer the ...icket into defeat are every ...uided as those who insist ...ff is the issue.

...a authorities have revised ...o death rumor, but even ...'t differ materially from ...predecessors.

... Evening Post, Grover ... the Sun collaborate in a ...e Democratic party, it ...he common scolds have ...i to stand together.

...al difficulty with that ... of bolting Democratic ... that one-third of them ...cratic and another third ...d.

...an been running for of... Mr. McKinley he would ...uch a sea... of vig... ...ing ...ttract... ... There ... ...thing like

...e observed that Candidate ...s not afraid to come out ...rong on the "advancement

...ne has much to say of the ... of those Democrats who ... the Chicago Convention. ... comes to supporting Tom ... ticket the Tribune and its ...w patriotism to the dogs ...rot along under the wagon.

...lican newspapers are talk...d, old-fashioned Democ...en a Democrat is being ...the back by the Republican ...high time for him to pause

... The Republican party ...clare that the so-called ...shioned Democracy" was ...t variety of Democracy.

... Express devotes nearly ... elaboration of the state...merican exports fell off ...t $75,000,000, while the im...d nearly $100,000,000," the ...hat the exports increased ...er than the imports that ...le balance of trade" was ...,000 larger last year than ...fore. In the next column ...aper remarks that "Denis ...f San Francisco, and An...it, of New York, are trying ... each other in cheering for ...lost having just declared his ... the gold standard. At this ... not be the fault of the in... the campaign of education ...cate.

...R HILL'S POSITION.

...d, it be true that Senator

...ng, with reluctant feet,
...e the brook and river meet,
...not longer cogitate as to which ...ook and which the river. The ... only too pleased to point out ...t Bryan is the river on which ...ican people propose to launch ...p of state for the next four ... Mr. Hill is an astute politician, ... does not preclude the presence ...esmanship, and he has doubtless ... to the conclusion by this time ...e gentlemen who have startled ...o a condition of doubt by reason ... bolting qualities are men whose ...d interests have so blinded ...or the moment that they are ... to distinguish between a brook ...ver. It is entirely a question ... and as Mr. Hill, who is dis... for fostering honorable am...e place of sordid interest, is ...d with blinkers either of ...ver, he will make no mis...inguishing between what ...ority hopes for and the ...ble.

TO THE DEMOCRATS OF NEW YORK.

A word to Democrats of the State of New York, and more particularly to the regular Democratic organization of this city, is in order.

Efforts are being made by misguided Democrats, enjoying the sinister and mercenary aid of the Republican and the mugwump press, to persuade you to abandon the regularly nominated Democratic ticket this year. Before you do it you will do well to ponder the facts in the political situation to-day. You will be wise to give heed to the fact that behind the efforts of many newspapers which profess to speak with entire disinterestedness there lurks self-interest. You will make no mistake in denying that the richest Democrat is necessarily the most conscientious Democrat or the most public spirited citizen.

For two years the canvass of the silver advocates within the Democratic party has been in progress. No man observant of political affairs could fail to note evidences of their work and of their approaching triumph. Their control of the convention at Chicago was no matter of mere luck. They won by long continued, painstaking efforts, not by any sudden dash. They triumphed simply by going frankly and fairly to the people, not by attempting to evade or circumvent Democratic principles by "snap" primaries or by the evasion of free electoral action. Never did a convention represent more exactly the beliefs of the men who chose the delegates. Never was a convention more incorruptible. Never did the rank and file of a national convention have such complete control, unvexed by the dictation of bosses. Even they who take issue with the findings of this historic convention of Democrats must admit that its dominant faction represented fairly the majority of the Democrats of the United States to-day.

The essence of a Democracy is the rule of the majority The fundamental principle of party government is that the majority shall rule. The majority of the Democratic party in convention assembled has nominated a Presidential ticket and formulated a declaration of principles. Refusal by a regularly constituted Democratic organization, such as the Tammany Society, to indorse both would be equivalent to denial of the fixed principle of majority rule in party and in nation.

But more. If the single issue of free silver be set aside, the platform adopted by the Democrats in Chicago is a text book and a creed of true Democracy. Its denunciation of the Cleveland bond deals, its pronouncement on the tariff, its reassertion of the righteousness and propriety of the income tax, its declarations on the mooted questions of trusts and federal control of railways, its sturdy demand that the national Government shall wrest justice from the Pacific railroads, its frank utterance upon the question of a third term and its outspoken condemnation of federal intervention in the affairs of independent States are all expressions of traditional and militant Democracy. No earnest and sincere Democrat can repudiate such a platform to indorse the McKinley policy of plutocracy and evasion.

Again. Over against McKinley, the beneficiary of trusts, tariff combines and millionaire monopolists, the Democratic party has set Bryan, a man owing his advancement to his own unaided efforts, a poor man of simple life and simple associations. No clique controls him, no band of organized taxeaters holds him in its clutch. He is not a lifelong office-holder, but has, except for two terms in Congress, been at all times self supporting, following conjointly the occupations of lawyer and journalist. His public record in Congress shows him to have been always on the side of the people as against the classes that fatten themselves from the people's earnings. As representative his voice was raised for lower tariff duties, for an income tax, for an anti-option bill, and against the Cleveland plan for contraction of the currency.

The Democracy of the Empire State stands now at the parting of the ways. Of the temper of the voters of the party in the State the Journal entertains little doubt. Among them loyalty to the cardinal principles of Democracy will prevail and their ballots will be cast in November for the candidates and the platform which most nearly represent the cause of the people. Upon the sinister and mercenary effort to swing the great organizations of the party away from the ticket right minded men must look with alarm and condemnation. That the efforts will prove unsuccessful we have little doubt, but that they are made in such brazen fashion shows how insolently un-Democratic elements are asserting their power over the New York Democracy. The Journal for its part has little doubt that voters and organizations will be in line in November for the cause of Democracy.

A QUESTION OF BONNETS.

A young woman writing to the Journal, in confidence, from Wilmington, N. C., bespeaks its influence in support of a scheme which, if successful, she declares will bring more joy to the hearts of her sex than any other possible to conceive of—the free coinage of silver not excepted. She says that she represents a majority of Southern women, and that her dire necessity is the dire necessity of them all. It is a modest necessity, but none the less urgent, taking the shape of a new bonnet. Upon the authority of the Journal's Wilmington correspondent, these Southern ladies will look upon the free coinage of silver as a failure unless it equips them with new bonnets—and they have their misgivings on the subject. Having set their hearts on the new bonnets, and having their doubts about the power of any change in the monetary system to provide the same, their spokeswoman, writing to the Journal, says:

> Now that your support has assured Mr. Bryan a term in the White House, why can't you take up this bonnet question? It is very simple. If we did not have to eat so much and so often, we could have handsome bonnets, and more of them. There is nothing so becoming to a pretty woman—and all Southern women are pretty—as a dainty new bonnet. Under the present conditions we can have no new bonnets on account of the cost of food. If we bought new bonnets we couldn't wear 'em; we'd have to eat 'em or go hungry. Now, if the Journal will only confer with Mr. Edison and readjust the human system so that it will only demand one meal a week—a grand dinner every Thursday, for example—there will be something left to buy bonnets with. Do think it over and let us know what you can do.

While thoroughly appreciating the compliment conveyed in this young woman's confidence in our ability to work miracles, we are reluctantly compelled to confess that even with the aid of Mr. Edison we should entertain grave doubts of the success of any scheme to cover the head at the expense of the stomach. The stomach rules by divine right, and is the autocrat of autocrats. Many are the attempts that have been made to subdue him, to limit his power, and all have proved equally vain. The counter jumper who robs his stomach to embellish his back advertises the penalty in his spindle shanks and peaked countenance. There is no logical argument in support of a theory that the stomach would be kinder to one who robbed it in order to pay for a bonnet—even though its wearer were a Southern woman and a pretty one. It is true that electricity does effectually subdue the most exacting stomach, as witness the State experiments at Sing Sing; but, unfortunately, the subject has instantly risen thereby superior to the blandishments of bonnets. In short, we fear that the Journal's fair correspondent will have to be satisfied with such results as may be gained through an intelligent practice of Mr. Edward Atkinson's plans and specifications for living on fourteen cents a day. Since Mr. Atkinson says it can be done, it is highly improbable that any normal stomach will dare dissent from the proposition—and even pretty Southern women will admit that half a bonnet is better than none at all.

THE NEW ERA.

Mr. Bryan's nomination is the sign of a new era in more respects than one. For one thing, it distinctly marks the end of the war period in our politics. Mr. Bryan was born in the year of Lincoln's first election. He is the first Presidential candidate of either party since that time who has been subject neither to commendation for his war record nor to criticism for his lack of one. Every President we have had since Lincoln served in the field, except Cleveland, and he sent a substitute. Every candidate who was not a soldier during the war was a politician. But Bryan, who was only five years old when the fighting ended, represents the new generation, whose whole conscious existence has been passed in a united country. When his term ends that generation will be in complete control. No man who was a voter before the close of the war will be less than fifty-seven years old at that time. The youngest man who was eligible for a seat in Congress at the time of the secession of the South will be sixty-five then. The active work of politics will be done by the citizens of whom Bryan is a type.

Already the younger generation has control of Congress. The era of the Union majors and the Confederate brigadiers is over. There are whole State delegations in which not a single member of the war epoch can be found. It is reasonable to expect that by the time the next Presidential campaign is upon us the new conditions will be so thoroughly recognized that neither party will be afraid to put a Southern man on its ticket. We have had purely sectional tickets on both sides now for twenty years. Time and the great social uprising that is substituting plutocracy and democracy for North and South as the opposing forces in American politics, are at last obliterating Mason and Dixon's line.

ARBITRATION IN SIGHT.

Lord Salisbury is evidently not altogether a Bourbon. He can learn some things and forget others. He has learned that the American people really mean to have something to say about the treatment of the other republics on this continent, and he has forgotten some of the supercilious remarks with which he favored Mr. Olney last year. His speech to the House of Lords on Friday on the subject of arbitration with the United States was in excellent tone, and indicated the practical certainty of an agreement, although the correspondence submitted at the same time discloses an annoying lack of celerity in reaching it.

According to the Premier, "the British Government thought that the principle of compulsory arbitration was attended with considerable hazard." We can fully appreciate that. There are some things that the United States would never be willing to arbitrate, and we could not accept a treaty that bound us to submit to arbitration in all cases whatever.

Both nations will be pleased to learn that Lord Salisbury thinks the Venezuelan dispute in a fair way toward settlement. He speaks of the necessity of determining the truth, and adds that "when that has been fully ascertained by a commission in which both countries have confidence," the diplomatic questions that will follow will not be very difficult of adjustment. Now that both countries are looking at the subject in a reasonable light, there is no ground for apprehensions of further trouble. It took fifty years to induce England to regard the Venezuelan dispute seriously, but now that she has begun to treat it respectfully, it will not take another half century to settle it.

THE ALARM BELL IN POLITICAL HISTORY.

Toryism is an instinct, a temperament, which is found in all countries and at all epochs. And it always exhibits itself in the same way. It takes alarm at every suggestion of reform, and its first impulse is to assail the motives of the agitators who attempt to end old abuses, and to bury them under a torrent of vituperation. We have had three great periods of political advancement in this country before the present one—those marked respectively by the triumph of the Jeffersonian Republicans over reactionary Federalism, the final establishment of the widest popular government under Jackson, and the abolition of slavery. In every case the voices that are now shouting "Jacobinism," "Revolution" and "Anarchy" had their counterparts shrieking precisely the same epithets. With only a change of names, but not of language, a Federalist diatribe in 1800 would have passed equally well for an anti-Jackson manifesto in 1828, a pro-slavery pronunciamento in 1856, or a McKinley "savior-of-society" proclamation in the present year.

In many cases the Tories of 1896 are the lineal successors of those that libelled Jefferson and Jackson and stirred up the mobs to lynch abolitionists. Two of our New York contemporaries, the Evening Post and the Commercial Advertiser, date back to the early days of American politics. They saw the same horrors then that they see now. It is the most persistent case of tremens on record.

In the campaign of 1800 "Marcellus," supposed to be Hamilton, predicted in the Commercial Advertiser that Jefferson, if elected, would turn out every Federalist office-holder, "tumble the financial system of the country into ruin at one stroke," and thus of necessity stop all payments of interest on the public debt and bring on "universal bankruptcy and beggary." He would dismantle the navy, so that "every vessel which floated from our shores would be plundered or captured." The scarred veterans of the Revolution, deprived of their pensions, would be seen "starving in the streets, or living on the cold and precarious supplies of charity." The officers of the Government, unable to collect their salaries, would resign, and "counterfeiting would be practised with impunity."

Nothing much worse has been feared from the election of Bryan. Yet Jefferson's election was the beginning of the most prosperous period this country had ever known, and the results of the experiment pleased the people so well that the very name of the opposition party died out, and when, in the course of a quarter of a century, fresh political divisions arose, there had to be an entirely new start, since the whole Union had become Jeffersonian.

Even after Jefferson's election the alarmists continued their gloomy predictions for a time. The Evening Post, which from its very earliest days has had the habit of collecting its valuable opinions in pamphlet form, putting them on sale in its counting room, and then suppressing them when it finds it advisable to alter its course, attacked his first message in a series of articles signed "Lucius Crassus." The verdict of Crassus, otherwise the Post, was that:

> The message of the President, by whatever motives it may have been dictated, is a performance which ought to alarm all who are anxious for the safety of our Government, for the respectability and welfare of our nation. It makes, or aims at making, a most prodigious sacrifice of constitutional energy, of sound principle, and of public interest, to the popularity of one man.

To complete the similarity between that time and this, the clergy was as active in behalf of "order and property" then as now. The political preacher was expounding Federalism from a thousand pulpits. The Rev. John Mason, the fashionable exhorter of New York, suspended a fast day sermon to exclaim:

> Send us, if thou wilt, murrain upon our cattle, a famine upon our land; send us pestilence to waste our cities; send us, if it pleases thee, the sword to bathe itself in the blood of our sons; but spare us, Lord God Most Merciful, spare us that curse—most dreadful of all curses—an alliance with Napoleon Bonaparte.

So detestable were the Republican doctrines thought to be that the men who held them were cut by their Federalist acquaintances. Social persecution was added to political proscription. The families of the Republican leaders were harassed. During the absence of Elbridge Gerry in France, in 1798, the model of a guillotine, stained with blood and bearing a headless effigy, was repeatedly set up before the window of his young wife in Cambridge.

When Jefferson was elected, the people in the stanch Federalist sections despaired of the republic. They expected to see the Government crumble to pieces about their ears. But to their astonishment the republic went on, greater, more powerful and more honored than ever. And so it will go on after the election of Bryan. The historian of the twentieth century will relate the outbreak of the curious systeria of 1896 with the same amusement with which the historian of to-day tells of the delusions of 1800.

It is believed that Comptroller Eckels will make the most attractive after-dinner bolter in the whole lot.

Federal office-holders who announce their intentions of turning on the party through which they have received their preferment cannot hope to exert a wide influence. On the contrary, the tendency is to produce contempt.

John Sherman has been called upon to place a construction on the St. Louis platform, and he has accommodated the McKinley managers by giving one of his regulation looking-both-ways opinions.

Secretary Hoke Smith is learning the bicycle. It may be that he will be able to mount the Chicago platform before the close of the campaign. It is no more radical than the warehouse scheme the Secretary used to make a specialty of.

The section of the Habitual Criminal act which prescribes that when a man is convicted of a crime as a second offence the court must inflict the maximum penalty is a relic of barbarism and should be repealed before it works further injustice.

There can be little doubt that the weather has its effect upon the popularity of modes of shuffling off this mortal coil by those unfortunates who are unhappy in this world and do not believe in a hereafter. After the blossoms of Spring mature into the leaf of full foliage, Park suicides are no longer in order, because the coolness of the water of the bay or the Sound proves more attractive in the dog days. Two suicides within a week from the decks of a Sound steamer certainly goes toward bearing out this theory. No one ever hears of a suicide in the Sound during the Winter months.

The Republican newspapers are finding fault because the Democratic nominee for Vice-President is a rich man. With their usual inconsistency they overlook the millions of Mr. Hobart and go away from home to find fault.

Strangely enough it is the class usually denominated conservative thinkers and logicians who are suddenly become hysterical and vituperative. So far the extravagant abuse of language and calling of names in connection with the political situation comes from a class of men who would like to pose as calm and dignified thinkers. Opposition to their pet schemes and theories seems to have made them mad. On the other hand, the people whom they refer to as "Nihilists," "Anarchists" and wild-eyed cranks are using the language of reason, seasoned with temperate courtesy. The old axiom of abusing the other side whenever you have a bad case has been adopted by the infuriated enemies of national progress. As there never was yet an oppressor that approved of revolution of any kind, it is, after all, only natural that the action of the Democratic party at Chicago should cause those who had made other arrangements to rail and storm.

Political Arrows Shot in the Air.

While McKinley—that man without a voice—is in Cleveland "celebrating" the one hundredth anniversary of that city of smoke and grime, and Hanna, he might, with advantage, ride out for an hour to the Brown Hoisting Works and watch the militia bayonet strikers. It is an excellent object lesson to teach the beauties, not to say the virtues of that protective tariff for which the syndicated candidate is so eager to stand as godfather.

It should occur to McKinley as he gazes on the riot-drawn blood about the Brown Hoisting Works that more than a probability exists that workmen who will thus engage in a step which takes their position, pay, and ofttimes liberty and life, must, at the bottom of it all, have some grievance; some basis for the indictment of a system which makes the few so rich and the many so poor.

The Brown Hoisting Company is a heavily protected industry. By McKinley's own argument, as it has rung from the stumps of campaigns and through the halls of the House, the men employed by the Brown Hoisting Company should be a well-paid, well-clothed, well-fed, well-housed lot of people, with money in the bank, and leisure to enjoy life. Now, when we find them in mutiny of the law, and bayoneted for it, nothing can be clearer than that some screw in the combination is decidedly and criminally loose. Either these men have in large bodies left excellent situations at excellent stipends, which kept them and their families in comfort, and in sort, luxury, and abandoned all for the mere pleasure of being bayoneted as crime-stained wretches, either this or what McKinley says about "protection" isn't so.

The great apostle of robbery by tariff couldn't invest time better than by looking into this business and solving the Brown Hoisting Company strike. If he doesn't care to solve it for itself, and to stay the flow of present gore, he might solve it, as the courts have it, de bene esse, and give his research in the matter to the prevention of other, further labor rebellions of the same kind. As it stands the situation is rather a criticism on McKinley, and that principle of piracy called "protection" which he represents.

* * *

Back, during the Carnegie strike, I went to Homestead. The first glad rush was over. The shooting had ceased, the Pinkerton cut-throats had left and sullenly, yet, so far as overt action was concerned, peacefully, the strikers and the State troops were glowering at each other.

For the sake of noting how Homestead affairs and Carnegie money making divided up in a day when there was no strike and all hands and the cook were busy at their various employments, I held a long talk with sundry experts not at all interested and all millionaire owners of iron themselves. I asked divers questions and they answered, and we put down some figures which I have to this day. They threw some light on who was making the money through the instrumentality of that pet of protection, the Carnegie Iron Company, and how much.

These experts said that albeit the Carnegie Company called its Homestead works worth five millions, they in fact could be built for $1,200,000. There were 3,200 men at work in the works when the strike was called. This would show an investment on the Carnegie part of $375 as offset to each man employed. Carnegie invested $375; the workman invested himself; now what did each take as income?

Oates, now Governor of Alabama—and by the way, a devout gold bug follower of Cleveland—settled by Congressional investigation that the average wage paid the men at Homestead was $55 per month, or $660 a year. These experts who were answering my queries gave a figure as to the profit going to Carnegie, which indicated that for every $375 invested—the offset per man employed—he was taking as income annually over $700.

It was a better thing for Carnegie than ever any black slaveholder had in the South. It shed a ray, too, on how badly Carnegie, as he tally-hoed with Blaine through Scotland, needed this "protection" so panted over by McKinley.

Incidentally and to fix the benefit to "American workmen," I asked as to the whole number of the last Homestead vote cast. While there were 3,200 men in the works, and the whole population hard by 12,000 in the town of Homestead, the vote cast was less than 900. Not what might be called a Herculean "American" display.

* * *

Speaking of strikes, what are the Knights of Labor and kindred bodies—made to elevate workmen as well as revenge their wrongs—doing about Hanna? This deep-stomached vulgarian has so far swallowed McKinley, even as the whale did Jonah, that one should be more interested in Hanna's record than that of the nominal candidate. A world need not forget, even if not reminded of the fact each day, that McKinley is absolutely the property of a syndicate which paid $118,000 for him in direct dollars, aside from millions of campaign expense. McKinley is only a candidate nominally; elect him and you elect Hanna and the pool which put up the purchase price adverted to above.

Therefore the K. of L., or any body besides, might very logically take Hanna's trail and run it backward. What he was, rest assured, he will be; what he did, fear not but he will do.

Here are a few bluff reminders to Sovereign and the others as to where they can cut Hanna's trail. There is the sailors' war with Hanna, which lasted from 1882 to 1886 and resulted in Hanna crushing labor unionism on the great lakes and cutting sailors' wages from $2.25 to $1 a day in Summer and from $4 to $2.25 in the wreck-strewn months of November and December. Lynch, formerly president of the Seamen's Union, at Cleveland, can tell all about it.

Then there are the mine strikes on the North Peninsula of Michigan, the coal strikes in Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania, as well as the lumber shovers' strike that shook up Chicago on a dya; Hanna was the nigger in each of these wood piles.

He makes money by strikes. Hanna boasts that he, the Winches, Selah Chamberlain and the Alva Bradley estate, have made over $10,000,000 already as the direct saving from low wages paid sailors; the result of the cut brought about in the lake strikes in '82, '83, '84 and '85. Quite enough to elect McKinley.

And speaking of that eminent mute, one is reminded that Hanna even found McKinley in a strike. Hanna's coal men had struck down near Canton. McKinley was their attorney. That was the first time McKinley and Hanna met. When the strike was over, Hanna "had" McKinley, and he's had him ever since. A. H. L.

P. S.—It was learned to-day that nine out of ten of all the men and papers formerly Democra[illegible], and which have bolted Bryan are [illegible]ngaged. In each instance it is the m[illegible]gage rather than the man or paper whic[illegible] as bolted.

A Song of the Summer Beetle.

Along the balmy tide of light
He drifts about the dreaming rose,
Until I stop his happy flight
Abruptly with my sun-burned nose.
He hits me, then he flies away,
Then back into the room he flits,
To roost and toast within the ray
The weary, wheezing lamp emits.
Oh, now he throbs,
And bangs and bobs
With all his might and main,
A chunketty chunk,
A plunketty plunk,
Against the window pane.

Upon the air he seems to swim,
And when he circles round my head
I think if I'd escape from him
That I must tumble into bed;
Then at him with a towel damp
I strike with vigor, vim and dash,
And laugh to see him graze the lamp
And singe his whiskers and mustache.
Oh, still he throbs,
And bangs and bobs,
With all his might and main,
A chunketty chunk,
A plunketty plunk,
Against the window pane.

From high to low his frou-frou shifts;
He is so far and yet so near,
That when he down the ceiling drifts,
He seems tip-tilting on my ear.
He moves, methinks, on wings of song;
I watch him skim and twist and turn,
And he will circle just so long
As this old lamp holds out to burn.
For still he throbs,
And bangs and bobs
With all his might and main,
A chunketty chunk,
A plunketty plunk,
Against the window pane.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A Very Knowing Dog.

A retired merchant uptown has a water spaniel named Spot which was born and bred in the city, and yet he takes so kindly to the water that he frequently may be seen lying contentedly in the bath tub with the faucet dripping on his head. The sound of running water causes him to frisk about and leap for joy. One day he created no end of merriment on the street by following the downpour from a watering cart.

He trotted after the cart until the water was entirely exhausted, when he turned and ambled home, a smiling and happy dog.

Spot is full of the hunting spirit, although he has never been in the country. To him lamp posts are trees, mud gutters are rivulets of crystal, and carpets are meadows of downy moss.

"It is wonderful what field instincts Spot has," remarked his owner the other night. "Not long ago he grabbed a stuffed woodcock off the mantelpiece in the parlor and brought it upstairs and laid it at my feet. I once saw him stand on his hind legs and look intently into a shop window at the birds on the hats. But I never knew what his instincts were until the other day, when I saw him come to a point on a tin can in the back yard.

"I have often seen him come to a point on the porcelain owl beside the clock, but that never surprised me much. He stood there quivering with excitement for several minutes, all the time on a point. I couldn't for the life of me make it all out."

"Why do you suppose he did it?" asked the other man, with interest.

"You could never guess," replied the owner. "It was simply this. He came to a point on the can because it had formerly been the envelope of a pair of golden plovers."

He Played It "Unctiously Hard."

From Mr. Belasco's graphic description of the way he threw Mrs. Leslie Carter around and jumped on her with both feet before he could make a star actress of her the jury in the late Belasco-Fairbank cause celebre gained the impression that this gentleman produces all of his highly artistic results in the same unterrified manner. The following scene, reported by an eye-witness of a rehearsal of the "Heart of Maryland," will show that Mr. Belasco is really not that sort of a person at all.

Odell Williams, who was cast for a brutal Confederate sergeant in the third act, gave the order "Forward, march!" and waddled off with his command. He was called back by Belasco.

Belasco—Mr. Williams, although you are a comedian, I must remind you that this part is supposed to be played in a hard fashion.

Williams—Hard? I don't understand you, Mr. Belasco.

Belasco—Why, hard—er—er—not soft.

Williams—But how, hard?

Belasco (pulling lock of hair over his gleaming eye)—Er—er—you understand, don't you?—Hard.

John Kellard (awaiting his cue)—Why, play it unctuously hard, Dell.

Belasco—Yes, that's it. (Grasping an idea). That's the word. Play it unctuously hard, Mr. Williams.

And the Confederate sergeant was played "unctuously" hard for the remainder of the New York run of the play.

Hint for Bicyclers.

"Puttles" is what they call them in England. They are strips of serge or woollen cloth of any color to suit the costume of the wearer. They are, perhaps, two yards long, by an inch and a half or two inches wide. At either end are long tapes. The wearer takes the first turn with his "puttles" at the ankles, then he binds them around each leg tightly, but not too tightly, after the fashion of a surgeon's tourniquet. They should be long enough thus wound round the leg to reach the knee. In the hunting field "puttles" are better than boots; they are not so heavy, for one thing; they are far more sightly; they preserve the trousers from wear, and they are the best kind of support to the ankles.

"Puttles" are worn by most soldiers in Europe. They are cheaper than golf stockings, and several of them have already been adopted by travelled wheelmen who have seen them worn by their brethren in England and Germany.

The Poet and His Luck.

"I had the most awful stroke of luck that ever befell me three years ago," said a poet to a critic the other day.

"What was it?" asked the critic.

"I had a poem crowded out, and the editor returned it. I shall have to keep it for fourteen years before it will again be seasonable."

"How is that?" asked the critic.

"Because it was on the seventeen-year locust."

"You are just in time now," said the critic; "send it in to-morrow; no magazine ever prints anything inside of fourteen years from the date of its acceptance."

'Tis Ever Thus.

"I just struck a great bargain," said a man on a Sixth avenue car the other day, "I have bought fifty-three quart cans of clam chowder at fifteen cents each."

"How did you come to buy so much?" asked the other.

"Because we are very fond of it," said the first man, "and it is utterly impossible to get it where we are spending the Summer."

"Where are you summering?"

"At the seashore," replied the bar